Monks House
~~Th~~ Wednesday.

Yes, darling creature, your letter was handed me just as we left ~~Auppegard~~ Auppegard, & caused me, I suppose, to forget my box, so that the exquisite butler had to motor into Dieppe after us. Yes, darling, it was a nice letter. Sauqueville aint a very grand place, all the same. I looked for traces of you — Did your ancestors own a saw mill? Thats what they do now, & not a specially fine leg among them. But I'll tell you all about it when you come. When? Choose your day & night — your 2 days & nights even better — whenever suits you. All I impress upon you is that until next Wednesday. When Nelly returns, we are living on potted meat & sardines: only Mrs. Bartholomew to do, & she in the last stages of decrepitude. I really advise you to wait. Then Leonard goes up on Thursday 11th & comes back on Friday. I shall be alone Thursday night. Could you stay two nights? I dont want to seem as if I had you in secret, though its infinitely more to my taste, exploring about in the

~~receives~~ recesses/ secretly. Write me a tactful letter, making out a good case for whatever it is (your stay & your letter) – & let it be as long as you can. No one else is coming.

Ethel's was great fun – eating & drinking, motoring, & chattering. Oh the heavenly food! I said to myself I shall grow so fat Vita wont like me. Still I ate & ate. Nan is the discovery of the two. Nan is a sterling dignified upright character, with more sound & fury in her than Ethel. Yes, I like Ethel (I read that aloud, the praise that is, at lunch & it had a great success: Ethel blushed, so did Nan, who likes Ethel praised better than anything) but Ethel's a little fine ladyish, pernickety, acid, occasionally. She longs for society. Nan for solitude & Tell me about your poem.

My God, how you would have laughed yesterday! Off for our first drive in the Singer: the bloody thing wouldnt start. The accelerator did like a duck: ~~Self~~ starter jammed. All the village came to watch – Leonard almost sobbed with rage. At last we had to bicycle in & fetch a man from Lewes. He said it was the magnetos – would you have known that? Should we have known? Another attempt today; we are bitter & sullen & determined. Leonard will shoot himself if it dont start again. We think of nothing else.

Come soon, dearest Creature

Virginia

HAMILL + BARKER 2/6/62

Monks Moore,
Sunday.

Musha-i-dyabuh-dal-imam—
which being interpreted means, Darling—
Well—what—a—donkey—you—are— all my
letters in future are going to be addressed to
Pippin, since it is clear you cant read them.
"Something wrong I feel by your letter!"—
what do you mean? It was the nicest
lovingest tenderest letter in the world; a letter
snapped at not seeing you perhaps, but after all
that's to your taste isn't it? Or did you,
with the marvellous intuition of the poet,
discover what I have tried to keep concealed from
you? That I am loved, by a man; a man
with an aquiline nose, a nice property, a
wife of title, & furniture to suit. The
proposal was made the day before I left, &
I have a letter now confirming it. What
do you wish me to do? I was so

overcome I blushed like a girl of 15. It was seeing me in my black hat & cloak that did it, he said; & then Colefax came in, & we were caught.

So, you see, nights & days must be devoted, wholeheartedly, not just as you might tickle a trout with the tip of your finger, to keeping me servile. You must lay yourself out to enchant me every second.

Yes, ~~to~~ Thursday, dearest: but earlier than
NYPL
5 please. make it 4. Then Leonard will see you (& he wants to) & we'll motor him to Lewes.

Do you want to lunch at Charleston on Friday? Say yes or no. I've made no promises.

One thing — no two things — more —
First, unutterable villain about ~~the~~ powder: did I ask you to give me a box? No. And its not the first time I have had to complain either. True, I spilt most of it ~~on~~ on Ethel's

floor — But never do I ask you anything again, except this very instant, when I ask, could you bring your Camera & do 3 or 4 Snapshots (me paying 2/6 each) which could be printed (me paying 6d. each) & sent to Mr. Blanche, who is writing an article called An Hour with Virginia Woolf, & wants to substantiate his statements by a large untouched portrait. If so I should be infinitely grateful: & for the last time.

I think its a very good plan to have some straightforward work like Aphra to keep ones machinery engaged: because then the other part of ones brain can take a rest & form little nuggets of gold, drops of pearl: your solitude. Will it be dedicated to me? Or to Dotty? Or to a certain lecherous oyster?

By the way, Miss Valerie Taylor has taken up her lodging in Clives flat, so thats that, to put it poetically: all the same Clive

still looks a little moped, & eats baked bread called Vita bread to keep his figure at its present level.

So 4 on Thursday, dearest—.

Mishku-na-y-valt-ta-vera.

You wont miss the significance of that will you?

Virginia

NYPL

Stay Friday if you can— I shall be alone till 7.

Why has your friend Hugh Walpole set Ellen Glasgow upon me, & who is Ellen ~~Gard~~ Glasgow?

Bring Pippin.

Thursday, with Adolphus & Behn, we would be very grateful W Virginia

I hope Nigel is all right. Give him my love.

Monday 22nd Aug.

Monks House
Rodmell.

Yes, dear Creature — but what was I saying 'yes' for? I forget. Pinker has been sick, & an apple tree blown down. But none of this was what I had in mind, as I came across the lawn in a hurricane to my lodge. (It's used for storing potatoes now.) I was going to say you needn't have bothered about the photographs — which I return; & I dont much like the looks of Virginia Woolf myself: for Blanche has written his article & used an old photograph of me at 19 — which is just as well. Dear, dear, I suppose you wouldn't accept a P.O. for 3/7 if I sent it? It would only be handed me 6 months later in a 3rd class railway carriage between Orpington & Sevenoaks. No: though I dont think snaps are gratifying, they are salutary: so I wish you'd give me one of you. I've only the incredibly noble & highminded Hawthornden Prize Winner, the lover of Gosse (who's dying it seems) & praiser of Squire. Mightn't I have a blowsy scallywag one in a way? or are you too vain?

Thursday; with Ledolphs or Behns, I should be very grateful. W.

Virginia

Monks House
Rodmell.

Monday
22nd Aug.

I hope Nigel is all right. Give him my love.

Yes, dear Creature—but what was I saying 'yes' for? I forget. Pinker has been sick, & an apple tree blown down. But none of this was what I had in mind, as I came across the lawn in a hurricane to my lodge. (Its used for storing potatoes now.) I was going to say you neednt have bothered about the photographs—which I return; & I dont much like the looks of Virginia Woolf myself: for Blanche has written his article & used an old photograph of me at 19—which is just as well. Dear, dear, I suppose you wouldnt accept a P.O. for 3/7 if I sent it? It would only be handed me 6 months later in a 3rd class railway carriage between Orpington & Sevenoaks. No: though I dont think snaps are gratifying, they are salutary. So I wish you'd give me one of you. I've only the incredibly noble & highminded Hawthornden Prize Winner, the lover of Gosse (who's dying it seems) & friend of Squire. Mightnt I have a blowsy scallywag one in a way? or are you too vain?

Yes, you are. Another scene comes to mind — at Knole this time,
& Vita ~~tear~~ tearing up a snap (Nelly's word) which made
her look like Bill Sykes she said. But then you are
like Bill Sykes I said. I'm not, Vita said, flushing
crimson & stamping her foot.

Now, shameless that I am, having ~~~~ said I would never
ask again, I ask again. Only a loan this time. The
Mysteries of Udolpho by Mrs Radcliffe. I think you
may have them. After all Long Barn contains the luxury
of **etc**. with the refinement of **etc.** Then, 2nd, would
you lend me whichever is in your opinion the most
romantic novel of Mrs. Behn's. The truth is I'm

NYPL

stuck in Romance; am battered back by the hellish
storms outside & do nothing but fabricate theories for my
dull, dreary, longwinded a genuine book on fiction; &
I cant get a single thing I want from the London Library

Now, honey, if you've time on your hands why
not turn it to the advantage of the Hogarth Press? You
have to write a paper for the Oxford young men: make
it a pamphlet for us. Please Do. I like
your energy. I love your legs. I long to see You.
Leonard says "Will Vita motor me in, & fetch me back
on Friday?" "The way we treat Vita!" I say.
"Yes, but I can't help it" says L: I say, this journey rather far.
But if you could be here by 4 on

If we don't come, we'll write to ~~Dolla~~ Dolly

Monks House,

Thursday.

Thanks for Dollie's letter. It sounds as if Heaven had brought us together. But I daresay some fatal flaw will develop - We would like to come over for an hour or two either Sunday or Monday about ~~3~~ 2. 30, I suppose - But this is doubtful, so dont alter your long country walk, or whatever it is.

Laughter has become a possibility - Its frightfully "Eating" - but I wish poor Philip Ritchie wouldn't die. I wasnt very nice to him: anyhow its a pity - dear, dear. So be very careful, dont fall ill, or be smashed somehow - Please, dearest.

Also, could you lend me ~~Cam~~ Mrs Campbells Shelley?
Could you send it? I'll be sure to return it.
But perhaps you havent got it.

Shall you come next Thursday? I shall be alone.

Yr Virginia

Any Foreign Office news yet? - No: I suppose not.
Many thanks for Itinerary

Sunday,

Here, enclosed, you will find a type written document — not intimate, but precise. It would be such a good idea, I think; but for Gods sake dont let Dottie think of it, except from the point of view of her own amusement.

I think of nothing but Laughton Place. Leonard is enthusiastic. We have written to ask if we can buy — & are ready to pawn our shoelaces to raise funds. Of course they'll say they wont, or will ask too much. But suppose they did! My word! — there would be an entire heaven given up to Vita: & the garden: & the moat: & scraping off wall papers — & so on — ones' life would vanish into laughter like smoke. But

we shant hear till Tuesday. I suppose.

Morgan is here; we're going to Charleston for a birthday party. So I am hurried.

I say, I was ashamed & furious to have put you to all that trouble. I had a vision you would rush to meet Harold, skid, be killed — all my fault. Never a hitch with the motor craft when you're there. I dreamt all night that you were going back to Teheran by air. How I raged, — woke to hear the rain"

Yr V W

Virginia
Woolf.

HAMILL + BARKER 2/5/62